


BALLADS AND
BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

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BALLADS : : : :

By RUDYARD KIPLING



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CONTENTS

Ballads

	PAGE
THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST	
Oh East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet	11
THE LAST SUTTEE	
Udai Chand lay sick to death	18
THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY	
Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the story told	24
THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST	
When springtime flushes the desert grass	30
THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE	
This is the ballad of Boh Da Thone	35
THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER CATTLE THIEF	
O woe is me for the merry life	48
THE RHYME OF THE THREE CAPTAINS	
. . . At the close of a winter day	51
THE BALLAD OF THE "CLAMPHERDOWN"	
It was our war-ship "Clampherdown"	58
THE BALLAD OF THE "BOLIVAR"	
Seven men from all the world, back to dock again	63

THE ENGLISH FLAG

- Winds of the World, give answer ? They are whim-
pering to and fro — 67

"CLEARED"

- Help for a patriot distressed, a spotless spirit hurt . 73

AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT

- Now this is the tale of the Council the German
Kaiser decreed 80

TOMLINSON

- Now Tomlinson gave up the ghost in his house in
Berkeley Square 84

Barrack-Room Ballads

DANNY DEEVER

- "What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-
Parade 95

TOMMY

- I went into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer . 98

"FUZZY-WUZZY"

- We've fought with many men acrost the seas . 102

SOLDIER, SOLDIER

- "Soldier, soldier, come from the war" . . . 105

SCREW-GUNS

- Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin' cool 108

	PAGE
GUNGA DIN	
You may talk o' gin and beer	111
OONTS!	
Wot makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot makes him to perspire?	115
LOOT	
If you've ever stole a pheasant egg be'ind the keeper's back	119
"SNARLEYOW"	
This 'appened in a battle to a batt'ry of the corps .	123
THE WIDOW AT WINDSOR	
'Ave you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor . . .	127
BELTS	
There was a row in Silver Street that's near to Dublin Quay	130
THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER	
When the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the East .	133
MANDALAY	
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea	137
TROOPIN'	
Troopin', troopin', troopin' to the sea	141
FORD O' KABUL RIVER	
Kabul town's by Kabul river —	144
ROUTE-MARCHIN'	
We're marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny plains .	147



BALLADS



THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never
the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho'
they come from the ends of the earth!*

KAMAL is out with twenty men to raise the Border
side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between
the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden
her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a
troop of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say
where Kamal hides?"
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of
the Ressaldar,
"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye
know where his pickets are.

“At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is
into Bonair,

“But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own
place to fare,

“So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird
can fly,

“By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he
win to the Tongue of Jagai,

“But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right
swiftly turn ye then,

“For the length and the breadth of that grisly
plain is sown with Kamal’s men.

“There is rock to the left, and rock to the right,
and low lean thorn between,

“And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where
never a man is seen.”

The Colonel’s son has taken a horse, and a raw
rough dun was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell,
and the head of the gallows-tree.

The Colonel’s son to the Fort has won, they bid
him stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits
not long at his meat.

He’s up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he
can fly,

Till he was aware of his father’s mare in the gut
of the Tongue of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal
upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he
made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the
whistling ball went wide.
“Ye shoot like a soldier,” Kamal said. “Show
now if ye can ride.”
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown
dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare
like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged
his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as
a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the right,
and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never
a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky,
their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the
mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful
heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and
pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small
room was there to strive,

“’Twas only by favor of mine,” quoth he, “ye
rode so long alive:

“There was not a rock for twenty mile, there
was not a clump of tree,

“But covered a man of my own men with his
rifle cocked on his knee.

“If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it
low,

“The little jackals that flee so fast, were feasting
all in a row:

“If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I
have held it high,

“The kite that whistles above us now were
gorged till she could not fly.”

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: “Do good
to bird and beast,

“But count who come for the broken meats be-
fore thou makest a feast.

“If there should follow a thousand swords to
carry my bones away,

“Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more
than a thief could pay.

“They will feed their horse on the standing
crop, their men on the garnered grain,

“The thatch of the byres will serve their fires
when all the cattle are slain.

“But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy
brethren wait to sup,

“The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl,
dog, and call them up!

“And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer
and gear and stack,

“Give me my father’s mare again, and I’ll fight
my own way back!”

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him
upon his feet.

“No talk shall be of dogs,” said he, “when wolf
and grey wolf meet.

“May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed
or breath;

“What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest
at the dawn with Death?”

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: “I hold by
the blood of my clan:

“Take up the mare for my father’s gift—by God,
she has carried a man!”

The red mare ran to the Colonel’s son, and nuz-
zled against his breast,

“We be two strong men,” said Kamal then,
“but she loveth the younger best.

“So she shall go with a lifter’s dower, my tur-
quoise-studded rein,

“My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and sil-
ver stirrups twain.”

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,

“Ye have taken the one from a foe,” said he;
“will ye take the mate from a friend?”

“A gift for a gift,” said Kamal straight; “a limb for the risk of a limb.

“Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!”

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.

“Now here is thy master,” Kamal said, “who leads a troop of the Guides,

“And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.

“Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,

“Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.

“So thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,

“And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line,

“And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—

“Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur.”

They have looked each other between the eyes,
and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-
Blood on leavened bread and salt:
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-
Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and
the Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's
boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where
there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full
twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with
the blood of the mountaineer.
“Ha' done! ha' done!” said the Colonel's son.
“Put up the steel at your sides!
“Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-
night 'tis a man of the Guides!”

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never
the two shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's
great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho'
they come from the ends of the earth.*

THE LAST SUTTEE

Not many years ago a King died in one of the Rajpoot States. His wives, disregarding the orders of the English against suttee, would have broken out of the palace had not the gates been barred. But one of them, disguised as the King's favorite dancing-girl, passed through the line of guards and reached the pyre. There, her courage failing, she prayed her cousin, a baron of the court, to kill her. This he did, not knowing who she was.

UDAI CHAND lay sick to death
In his hold by Gungra hill.
All night we heard the death-gongs ring
For the soul of the dying Rajpoot King,
All night beat up from the women's wing
A cry that we could not still.

All night the barons came and went,
The lords of the outer guard:
All night the cressets glimmered pale
On Ulwar sabre and Tonk jezail,
Mewar headstall and Marwar mail,
That clinked in the palace yard.

In the Golden room on the palace roof
All night he fought for air:
And there was sobbing behind the screen,
Rustle and whisper of women unseen,
And the hungry eyes of the Boondi Queen
On the death she might not share.

He passed at dawn—the death-fire leaped
From ridge to river-head,
From the Malwa plains to the Abu scaurs:
And wail upon wail went up to the stars
Behind the grim zenana-bars,
When they knew that the King was dead.

The dumb priest knelt to tie his mouth
And robe him for the pyre.
The Boondi Queen beneath us cried:
“See, now, that we die as our mothers died
“In the bridal-bed by our master’s side!
“Out, women!—to the fire!”

We drove the great gates home apace:
White hands were on the sill:
But ere the rush of the unseen feet
Had reached the turn to the open street,
The bars shot down, the guard-drum beat—
We held the dove-cot still.

A face looked down in the gathering day,
And laughing spoke from the wall:
“Ohé, they mourn here: let me by —
“Azizun, the Lucknow nautch-girl, I?
“When the house is rotten, the rats must fly,
“And I seek another thrall.

“For I ruled the King as ne’er did Queen,—
“To-night the Queens rule me!
“Guard them safely, but let me go,
“Or ever they pay the debt they owe
“In scourge and torture!” She leaped below,
And the grim guard watched her flee.

They knew that the King had spent his soul
On a North-bred dancing-girl:
That he prayed to a flat-nosed Lucknow god,
And kissed the ground where her feet had trod,
And doomed to death at her drunken nod
And swore by her lightest curl.

We bore the King to his fathers’ place,
Where the tombs of the Sun-born stand:
Where the grey apes swing, and the peacocks
preen
On fretted pillar and jeweled screen,
And the wild boar couch in the house of the
Queen
On the drift of the desert sand.

The herald read his titles forth,
We set the logs aglow:
“Friend of the English, free from fear,
“Baron of Luni to Jeysulmeer,
“Lord of the Desert of Bikaner,
“King of the Jungle,—go!”

All night the red flame stabbed the sky
With wavering wind-tossed spears:
And out of a shattered temple crept
A woman who veiled her head and wept,
And called on the King—but the great King
slept,
And turned not for her tears.

Small thought had he to mark the strife —
Cold fear with hot desire —
When thrice she leaped from the leaping flame,
And thrice she beat her breast for shame,
And thrice like a wounded dove she came
And moaned about the fire.

One watched, a bow-shot from the blaze,
The silent streets between,
Who had stood by the King in sport and fray,
To blade in ambush or boar at bay,
And he was a baron old and grey,
And kin to the Boondi Queen.

He said: "O shameless, put aside
 "The veil upon thy brow!
"Who held the King and all his land
"To the wanton will of a harlot's hand!
"Will the white ash rise from the blistered
 brand?
 "Stoop down, and call him now!"

Then she: "By the faith of my tarnished soul,
 " All things I did not well
"I had hoped to clear ere the fire died,
"And lay me down by my master's side
"To rule in Heaven his only bride,
 " While the others howl in Hell.

"But I have felt the fire's breath,
 " And hard it is to die!
"Yet if I may pray a Rajpoot lord
"To sully the steel of a Thakur's sword
"With base-born blood of a trade abhorred"—
 And the Thakur answered, "Ay."

He drew and struck: the straight blade drank
 The life beneath the breast.
"I had looked for the Queen to face the flame,
"But the harlot dies for the Rajpoot dame--
"Sister of mine, pass, free from shame.
 " Pass with thy King to rest!"

The black log crashed above the white:

 The little flames and lean,

Red as slaughter and blue as steel,

That whistled and fluttered from head to heel,

Leaped up anew, for they found their meal

 On the heart of—the Boondi Queen!

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him
is the story told.*

*His mercy fills the Khyber hills—his grace is
manifest;*

*He has taken toll of the North and the South
—his glory reacheth far,*

*And they tell the tale of his charity from
Balkh to Kandahar.*

BEFORE the old Peshawur Gate, where Kurd and
Kaffir meet,

The Governor of Kabul dealt the Justice of the
Street,

And that was strait as running noose and swift
as plunging knife,

Tho' he who held the longer purse might hold
the longer life.

There was a hound of Hindustan had struck a
Euzufzai,

Wherefore they spat upon his face and led him
out to die.

It chanced the King went forth that hour when
throat was bared to knife;

The Kaffir groveled under-hoof and clamored for
his life.

Then said the King: "Have hope, O friend!
Yea, Death disgraced is hard;
"Much honor shall be thine"; and called the
Captain of the Guard,
Yar Khan, a bastard of the Blood, so city-babble
saith,
And he was honored of the King—the which is
salt to Death;
And he was son of Daoud Shah the Reiver of the
Plains,
And blood of old Durani Lords ran fire in his
veins;
And 'twas to tame an Afghan pride nor Hell nor
Heaven could bind,
The King would make him butcher to a yelping
cur of Hind.
"Strike!" said the King. "King's blood art thou
—his death shall be his pride!"
Then louder, that the crowd might catch: "Fear
not—his arms are tied!"
Yar Khan drew clear the Khyber knife, and
struck, and sheathed again.
"O man, thy will is done," quoth he; "A King
this dog hath slain."

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, to the
North and the South is sold.*

*The North and the South shall open their
mouth to a Ghilzai flag unrolled,*

*When the big guns speak to the Khyber peak,
and his dog-Heratis fly,
Ye have heard the song—How long? How
long? Wolves of the Abazai!*

That night before the watch was set, when all
the streets were clear,
The Governor of Kabul spoke: "My King, hast
thou no fear?
"Thou knowest—thou hast heard,"—his speech
died at his master's face.
And grimly said the Afghan King: "I rule the
Afghan race.
"My path is mine—see thou to thine—to-night
upon thy bed
"Think who there be in Kabul now that clamor
for thy head."

That night when all the gates were shut to City
and to Throne,
Within a little garden-house the King lay down
alone.
Before the sinking of the moon, which is the
Night of Night,
Yar Khan came softly to the King to make his
honor white.

The children of the town had mocked beneath
his horse's hoofs,
The harlots of the town had hailed him
"butcher!" from their roofs.
But as he groped against the wall, two hands
upon him fell,
The King behind his shoulder spoke: "Dead
man, thou dost not well!
"'Tis ill to jest with Kings by day and seek a
boon by night;
"And that thou bearest in thy hand is all too
sharp to write.
"But three days hence, if God be good, and if
thy strength remain,
"Thou shalt demand one boon of me and bless
me in thy pain.
"For I am merciful to all, and most of all to
thee.
"My butcher of the shambles, rest—no knife hast
thou for me!"

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, holds
hard by the South and the North;
But the Ghilzai knows, ere the melting snows,
when the swollen banks break forth,
When the red-coats crawl to the sungar wall,
and his Usbeg lances fail.
Ye have heard the song—How long? How
long? Wolves of the Zuka Kheyl!*

They stoned him in the rubbish-field when dawn
was in the sky,
According to the written word, "See that he do
not die."

They stoned him till the stones were piled above
him on the plain,
And those the laboring limbs displaced they
tumbled back again.

One watched beside the dreary mound that veiled
the battered thing,
And him the King with laughter called the Her-
ald of the King.

It was upon the second night, the night of Ram-
azan,
The watcher leaning earthward heard the mes-
sage of Yar Khan.

From shattered breast through shriveled lips
broke forth the rattling breath:
"Creature of God, deliver me from agony of
Death."

They sought the King among his girls, and risked
their lives thereby:
"Protector of the Pitiful, give orders that he
die!"

“Bid him endure until the day,” a lagging answer came;

“The night is short, and he can pray and learn to bless my name.”

Before the dawn three times he spoke, and on the day once more:

“Creature of God deliver me and bless the King therefore!”

They shot him at the morning prayer, to ease him of his pain,

And when he heard the matchlocks clink, he blessed the King again.

Which thing the singers made a song for all the world to sing,

So that the Outer Seas may know the mercy of the King.

Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the story told.

He has opened his mouth to the North and the South, they have stuffed his mouth with gold.

Ye know the truth of his tender ruth—and sweet his favors are.

Ye have heard the song—How long? How long? from Balkh to Kandahar.

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST

WHEN springtime flushes the desert grass,
Our kafilas wind through the Khyber Pass.
Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,
As the snowbound trade of the North comes
 down
To the market-square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,
And tentpeg answered to hammer-nose;
And the picketed ponies shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;
And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale;
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food;
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood;
And there fled on the wings of the gathering
 dusk
A savor of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.

The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high,
The knives were whetted and—then came I
To Mahbub Ali, the muleteer,
Patching his bridles and counting his gear,
Crammed with the gossip of half a year.
But Mahbub Ali the kindly said,
“Better is speech when the belly is fed.”
So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist deep
In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,
And he who never hath tasted the food,
By Allah! he knoweth not bad from good.

We cleansed our beards of the mutton-grease,
We lay on the mats and were filled with peace,
And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,
With the sliding puffs from the hookah-mouth.
Four things greater than all things are,—
Women and Horses and Power and War.
We spake of them all, but the last the most,
For I sought a word of a Russian post,
Of a shifty promise, an unsheathed sword
And a grey-coat guard on the Helmund ford.
Then Mahbub Ali lowered his eyes
In the fashion of one who is weaving lies.
Quoth he: “Of the Russians who can say?
“When the night is gathering all is grey.
“But we look that the gloom of the night shall
die
“In the morning flush of a blood-red sky.

“Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
“To warn a King of his enemies?
“We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
“But no man knoweth the mind of the King.
“That unsought counsel is cursed of God
“Attesteth the story of Wali Dad.

“His sire was leaky of tongue and pen,
“His dam was a clucking Khuttuck hen;
“And the colt bred close to the vice of each,
“For he carried the curse of an unstaunched
speech.

“Therewith madness—so that he sought
“The favor of kings at the Kabul court;
“And traveled, in hope of honor, far
“To the line where the grey-coat squadrons are.
“There have I journeyed too—but I
“Saw naught, said naught, and—did not die!
“He hearked to rumor, and snatched at a breath
“Of ‘this one knoweth’ and ‘that one saith,’—
“Legends that ran from mouth to mouth
“Of a grey-coat coming, and sack of the South.
“These have I also heard—they pass
“With each new spring and the winter grass.

“Hot-foot southward, forgotten of God,
“Back to the city ran Wali Dad,
“Even to Kabul—in full durbar
“The King held talk with his Chief in War.

- “ Into the press of the crowd he broke,
“ And what he had heard of the coming spoke.
- “ Then Gholam Hyder, the Red Chief, smiled,
“ As a mother might on a babbling child;
“ But those who would laugh restrained their
 breath,
“ When the face of the King showed dark as
 death.
- “ Evil it is in full durbar
“ To cry to a ruler of gathering war!
“ Slowly he led to a peach-tree small,
“ That grew by a cleft of the city wall.
“ And he said to the boy: ‘ They shall praise thy
 zeal
- “ ‘ So long as the red spurt follows the steel.
“ ‘ And the Russ is upon us even now ?
“ ‘ Great is thy prudence—await them, thou.
“ ‘ Watch from the tree. Thou art young and
 strong,
- “ ‘ Surely thy vigil is not for long.
“ ‘ The Russ is upon us, thy clamor ran ?
“ ‘ Surely an hour shall bring their van.
“ ‘ Wait and watch. When the host is near,
“ ‘ Shout aloud that my men may hear.’
- “ Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
“ To warn a King of his enemies ?

“A guard was set that he might not flee —
“A score of bayonets ringed the tree.
“The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,
“When he shook at his death as he looked
 below.
“By the power of God, who alone is great,
“Till the seventh day he fought with his fate.
“Then madness took him, and men declare
“He mowed in the branches as ape and bear,
“And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,
“And he hung as a bat in the forks, and wailed,
“And sleep the cord of his hands untied,
“And he fell, and was caught on the points and
 died.

“Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise
“To warn a King of his enemies?
“We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
“But no man knoweth the mind of the King.
“Of the grey-coat coming who can say?
“When the night is gathering all is grey.
“Two things greater than all things are,
“The first is Love, and the second War.
“And since we know not how War may prove,
“Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love!”

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE

*This is the ballad of Boh Da Thone,
Erst a Pretender to Theebaw's throne,
Who harried the district of Alalone:
How he met with his fate and the V.P.P.
At the hand of Harendra Mukerji,
Senior Gomashta, G.B.T.*

BOH DA THONE was a warrior bold,
His sword and his Snider were bossed with
gold,

And the Peacock Banner his henchmen bore
Was stiff with bullion but stiffer with gore.

He shot at the strong and he slashed at the weak
From the Salween scrub to the Chindwin teak:

He crucified noble, he sacrificed mean,
He filled old women with kerosene:

While over the water the papers cried,
"The patriot fights for his countryside!"

But little they cared for the Native Press,
The worn white soldiers in Khaki dress,

Who tramped through the jungle and camped in
the byre,

Who died in the swamp and were tombed in the
mire,

Who gave up their lives, at the Queen's Com-
mand,

For the Pride of their Race and the Peace of the
Land.

Now, first of the foemen of Boh Da Thone
Was Captain O'Neil of the "Black Tyrone,"

And his was a Company, seventy strong,
Who hustled that dissolute Chief along.

There were lads from Galway and Louth and
Meath

Who went to their death with a joke in their
teeth,

And worshipped with fluency, fervor, and zeal
The mud on the boot-heels of "Crook" O'Neil.

But ever a blight on their labors lay,
And ever their quarry would vanish away,

Till the sun-dried boys of the Black Tyrone
Took a brotherly interest in Boh Da Thone:

And, sooth, if pursuit in possession ends,
The Boh and his trackers were best of friends.

The word of a scout—a march by night—
A rush through the mist—a scattering fight—

A volley from cover—a corpse in the clearing—
The glimpse of a lion-cloth and heavy jade
 earring—

The flare of a village—the tally of slain—
And . . . the Boh was abroad “on the
 raid” again!

They cursed their luck as the Irish will,
They gave him credit for cunning and skill,

They buried their dead, they bolted their beef,
And started anew on the track of the thief

Till, in place of the “Kalends of Greece,” men
 said,
“When Crook and his darlings come back with
 the head.”

They had hunted the Boh from the Hills to the
 plain—
He doubled and broke for the hills again:

They had crippled his power for rapine and raid,
They had routed him out of his pet stockade,

And at last, they came, when the Day Star tired,
To a camp deserted—a village fired.

A black cross blistered the Morning-gold,
And the body upon it was stark and cold.

The wind of the dawn went merrily past,
The high grass bowed her plumes to the blast.

And out of the grass, on a sudden, broke
A spirtle of fire, a whorl of smoke—

And Captain O'Neil of the Black Tyrone
Was blessed with a slug in the ulna-bone—
The gift of his enemy Boh Da Thone.

(Now a slug that is hammered from telegraph-
wire
Is a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire.)

* * * * *

The shot-wound festered—as shot-wounds may
In a steaming barrack at Mandalay.

The left arm throbbed, and the Captain swore,
“I'd like to be after the Boh once more!”

The fever held him—the Captain said,
“I'd give a hundred to look at his head!”

The Hospital punkahs creaked and whirred,
But Babu Harendra (Gomashta) heard.

He thought of the cane-brake, green and dank,
That girdled his home by the Dacca tank.

He thought of his wife and his High School son,
He thought—but abandoned the thought—of a
gun.

His sleep was broken by visions dread
Of a shining Boh with a silver head.

He kept his counsel and went his way,
And swindled the cartmen of half their pay.

* * * * *

And the months went on, as the worst must do,
And the Boh returned to the raid anew.

But the Captain had quitted the long-drawn
strife,
And in far Simoorie had taken a wife.

And she was a damsel of delicate mould,
With hair like the sunshine and heart of gold,

And little she knew the arms that embraced
Had cloven a man from the brow to the waist:

And little she knew that the loving lips
Had ordered a quivering life's eclipse,

And the eye that lit at her lightest breath
Had glared unawed in the Gates of Death.

(For these be matters a man would hide,
As a general rule, from an innocent Bride.)

And little the Captain thought of the past,
And, of all men, Babu Harendra last.

* * * * *

But slow, in the sludge of the Kathun road,
The Government Bullock Train toted its load.

Speckless and spotless and shining with *ghee*,
In the rearmost cart sat the Babu-jee.

And ever a phantom before him fled
Of a scowling Boh with a silver head.

Then the lead-cart stuck, though the coolies
slaved,
And the cartmen flogged and the escort raved;

And out of the jungle, with yells and squeals,
Pranced Boh Da Thone, and his gang at his heels!

Then belching blunderbuss answered back
The Snider's snarl and the carbine's crack,

And the blithe revolver began to sing
To the blade that twanged on the locking-ring,
And the brown flesh blued where the bay'net
 kissed,
As the steel shot back with a wrench and a twist,
And the great white bullocks with onyx eyes
Watched the souls of the dead arise,
And over the smoke of the fusillade
The Peacock Banner staggered and swayed.
Oh, gayest of scrimmages man may see
Is a well-worked rush on the G.B.T. !
The Babu shook at the horrible sight,
And girded his ponderous loins for flight,
But Fate had ordained that the Boh should start
On a lone-hand raid of the rearmost cart,
And out of that cart, with a bellow of woe,
The Babu fell—flat on the top of the Boh!
For years had Harendra served the State,
To the growth of his purse and the girth of his
 pêt—
There were twenty stone, as the tally-man knows,
On the broad of the chest of this best of Bohs.

And twenty stone from a height discharged
Are bad for a Boh with a spleen enlarged.

Oh, short was the struggle—severe was the
shock—
He dropped like a bullock—he lay like a block;

And the Babu above him, convulsed with fear,
Heard the laboring life-breath hissed out in his
ear.

And thus in a fashion undignified
The princely pest of the Chindwin died.

* * * * *

Turn now to Simoorie where, lapped in his ease,
The Captain is petting the Bride on his knees,

Where the *whit* of the bullet, the wounded man's
scream
Are mixed as the mist of some devilish dream—

Forgotten, forgotten the sweat of the shambles
Where the hill-daisy blooms and the grey monkey
gambols,

From the sword-belt set free and released from
the steel,
The Peace of the Lord is with Captain O'Neil.

Up the hill to Simoorie—most patient of
drudges —

The bags on his shoulder, the mail-runner trudges.

“For Captain O’Neil, *Sahib*. One hundred and
ten

Rupees to collect on delivery.”

Then

(Their breakfast was stopped while the screw-
jack and hammer

Tore wax-cloth, split teak-wood, and chipped
out the dammer;)

Open-eyed, open-mouthed, on the napery’s snow,
With a crash and a thud, rolled—the Head of the
Boh!

And gummed to the scalp was a letter which
ran:

“IN FIELDING FORCE SERVICE.

“*Encampment*,

“10th Jan.

“Dear Sir,—I have honor to send, *as you said*,

“For final approval (see under) Boh’s Head;

“Was took by myself in most bloody affair.

“By High Education brought pressure to bear.

"Now violate Liberty, time being bad,
 "To mail V.P.P. (rupees hundred) Please add
 "Whatever Your Honor can pass. Price of Blood
 "Much cheap at one hundred, and children want
 food.
 "So trusting Your Honor will somewhat retain
 "True love and affection for Govt. Bullock Train,
 "And show awful kindness to satisfy me,
 "I am,
 "Graceful Master,
 "Your
 "H. Mukerji."

* * * * *

As the rabbit is drawn to the rattlesnake's power,
 As the smoker's eye fills at the opium hour,
 As a horse reaches up to the manger above,
 As the waiting ear yearns for the whisper of love,
 From the arms of the Bride, iron-visaged and
 slow,
 The Captain bent down to the Head of the Boh.
 And e'en as he looked on the Thing where It lay
 'Twixt the winking new spoons and the napkins'
 array,

The freed mind fled back to the long-ago days—
The hand-to-hand scuffle—the smoke and the
blaze—

The forced march at night and the quick rush at
dawn—

The banjo at twilight, the burial ere morn—

The stench of the marshes—the raw, piercing
smell

When the overhand stabbing-cut silenced the
yell—

The oaths of his Irish that surged when they
stood

Where the black crosses hung o'er the Kuttamow
flood:

As a derelict ship drifts away with the tide
The Captain went out on the Past from his Bride,

Back, back, through the springs to the chill of
the year,

When he hunted the Boh from Maloon to Tsaleer.

As the shape of a corpse dimmers up through
deep water,

In his eye lit the passionless passion of slaughter,

And men who had fought with O'Neil for the
life
Had gazed on his face with less dread than his
wife.

For she who had held him so long could not hold
him —
Though a four-month Eternity should have con-
trolled him —

But watched the twin Terror—the head turned to
head —
The scowling, scarred Black, and the flushed
savage Red —

The spirit that changed from her knowing and
flew to
Some grim hidden Past she had never a clue to,
But It knew as It grinned, for he touched it un-
fearing,
And muttered aloud, “So you kept that jade ear-
ring!”

Then nodded, and kindly, as friend nods to
friend,
“Old man, you fought well, but you lost in the
end.”

The visions departed, and Shame followed Pas-
sion,

“He took what I said in this horrible fashion,

“*I’ll* write to Harendra!” With language un-
sainted

The Captain came back to the Bride . . .
who had fainted.

* * * * *

And this is a fiction? No. Go to Simoorie
And look at their baby, a twelve-month old
Houri,

A pert little, Irish-eyed Kathleen Mavournin—
She’s always about on the Mall of a mornin’—

And you’ll see, if her right shoulder-strap is dis-
placed,

This: *Gules* upon *argent*, a Boh’s Head, *erased*!

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER CATTLE THIEF

O WOE is me for the merry life
I led beyond the Bar,
And a treble woe for my winsome wife
That weeps at Shalimar.

They have taken away my long jezail,
My shield and sabre fine,
And heaved me into the Central Jail
For lifting of the kine.

The steer may low within the byre,
The Jut may tend his grain,
But there'll be neither loot nor fire
Till I come back again.

And God have mercy on the Jut
When once my fetters fall,
And Heaven defend the farmer's hut
When I am loosed from thrall.

It's woe to bend the stubborn back
Above the grinching quern,
It's woe to hear the leg-bar clack
And jingle when I turn!

But for the sorrow and the shame,
The brand on me and mine,
I'll pay you back in leaping flame
And loss of the butchered kine.

For every cow I spared before
In charity set free,
If I may reach my hold once more
I'll reive an honest three!

For every time I raised the low
That scared the dusty plain,
By sword and cord, by torch and tow
I'll light the land with twain!

Ride hard, ride hard to Abazai,
Young *Sahib* with the yellow hair —
Lie close, lie close as khuttucks lie,
Fat herds below Bonair!

The one I'll shoot at twilight tide,
At dawn I'll drive the other;
The black shall mourn for hoof and hide,
The white man for his brother!

'Tis war, red war, I'll give you then,
War till my sinews fail,
For the wrong you have done to a chief of
men
And a thief of the Zukka Kheyl.

And if I fall to your hand afresh
I give you leave for the sin,
That you cram my throat with the foul pig's
flesh
And swing me in the skin!

THE RHYME OF THE THREE CAPTAINS

This ballad appears to refer to one of the exploits of the notorious Paul Jones, the American Pirate. It is founded on fact.

. . . At the close of a winter day,
Their anchors down, by London town, the Three
Great Captains lay.
And one was Admiral of the North from Solway
Firth to Skye,
And one was Lord of the Wessex coast and all
the lands thereby,
And one was Master of the Thames from Lime-
house to Blackwall,
And he was Captain of the Fleet—the bravest of
them all.
Their good guns guarded their great grey sides that
were thirty foot in the sheer,
When there came a certain trading-brig with
news of a privateer.
Her rigging was rough with the clotted drift that
drives in a Northern breeze,
Her sides were clogged with the lazy weed that
spawns in the Eastern seas.

Light she rode in the rude tide-rip, to left and
right she rolled,

And the skipper sat on the scuttle-butt and stared
at an empty hold.

"I ha' paid Port dues for your Law," quoth he,
"and where is the Law ye boast

"If I sail unscathed from a heathen port to be
robbed on a Christian coast?

"Ye have smoked the hives of the Laccadives as
we burn the lice in a bunk;

"We tack not now to a Gallang prow or a
plunging Pei-ho junk;

"I had no fear but the seas were clear as far as a
sail might fare

"Till I met with a lime-washed Yankee brig that
rode off Finisterre.

"There were canvas blinds to his bow-gun ports
to screen the weight he bore

"And the signals ran for a merchantman from
Sandy Hook to the Nore.

"He would not fly the Rovers' flag—the bloody
or the black,

"But now he floated the Gridiron and now he
flaunted the Jack.

"He spoke of the Law as he crimped my crew
—he swore it was only a loan;

"But when I would ask for my own again, he
swore it was none of my own.

- “He has taken my little parrakeets that nest beneath the Line,
“He has stripped my rails of the shaddock-frails and the green unripened pine;
“He has taken my bale of dammer and spice I won beyond the seas,
“He has taken my grinning heathen gods—and what should he want o’ these?
“My foremast would not mend his boom, my deck-house patch his boats;
“He has whittled the two this Yank Yahoo, to peddle for shoepeg-oats.
“I could not fight for the failing light and a rough beam-sea beside,
“But I hulled him once for a clumsy crimp and twice because he lied.
“Had I had guns (as I had goods) to work my Christian harm,
“I had run him up from his quarter-deck to trade with his own yard-arm;
“I had nailed his ears to my capstan-head, and ripped them off with a saw,
“And soused them in the bilgewater, and served them to him raw;
“I had flung him blind in a rudderless boat to rot in the rocking dark
“I had towed him aft of his own craft, a bait for his brother shark;

- “I had lapped him round with cocoa husk, and
drenched him with the oil,
“And lashed him fast to his own mast to blaze
above my spoil;
“I had stripped his hide for my hammock-side,
and tasselled his beard i’ the mesh
“And spitted his crew on the live bamboo that
grows through the gangrened flesh;
“I had hove him down by the mangroves brown,
where the mud-reef sucks and draws,
“Moored by the heel to his own keel to wait for
the land-crab’s claws!
“He is lazar within and lime without, ye can
nose him far enow,
“For he carries the taint of a musky ship—the
reek of the slaver’s dhow!”
The skipper looked at the tiering guns and the
bulwarks tall and cold,
And the Captains Three full courteously peered
down at the gutted hole,
And the Captains Three called courteously from
deck to scuttle-butt:
“Good Sir, we ha’ dealt with that merchantman
or ever your teeth were cut.
“Your words be words of a lawless race, and
the Law it standeth thus:
“He comes of a race that have never a Law, and
he never has boarded us.

“We ha’ sold him canvas and rope and spar—
we know that his price is fair,

“And we know that he weeps for the lack of a
Law as he rides off Finisterre.

“And since he is damned for a gallows-thief by
you and better than you,

“We hold it meet that the English fleet should
know that we hold him true.”

The skipper called to the tall taffrail: “And
what is that to me?

“Did ever you hear of a privateer that rifled a
Seventy-three?

“Do I loom so large from your quarter-deck that
I lift like a ship o’ the Line?

“He has learned to run from a shotted gun and
harry such craft as mine.

“There is never a Law on the Cocos Keys to hold
a white man in,

“But we do not steal the niggers’ meal, for that
is a nigger’s sin.

“Must he have his Law as a quid to chew, or
laid in brass on his wheel?

“Does he steal with tears when he buccaneers?
’Fore Gad, then, why does he steal?”

The skipper bit on a deep-sea word, and the
word it was not sweet,

For he could see the Captains Three had signalled
to the Fleet.

But three and two, in white and blue, the whim-
pering flags began:

“We have heard a tale of a foreign sail, but he
is a merchantman.”

The skipper peered beneath his palm and swore
by the Great Horn Spoon,

“Fore Gad, the Chaplain of the Fleet would bless
my picaroon!”

By two and three the flags blew free to lash the
laughing air,

“We have sold our spars to the merchantman—
we know that his price is fair.”

The skipper winked his Western eye, and swore
by a China storm:

“They ha’ rigged him a Joseph’s jury-coat to
keep his honor warm.”

The halliards twanged against the tops, the bunt-
ing bellied broad,

The skipper spat in the empty hold and mourned
for a wasted cord.

Masthead—masthead, the signal sped by the line
o’ the British craft;

The skipper called to his Lascar crew, and put
her about and laughed:

“It’s mainsail haul, my bully boys all—we’ll out
to the seas again;

“Ere they set us to paint their pirate saint, or
scrub at his grapnel-chain

- “It's fore-sheet free, with her head to the sea,
and the swing of the unbought brine —
- “We'll make no sport in an English court till we
come as a ship o' the Line,
- “Till we come as a ship o' the Line, my lads, of
thirty foot in the sheer,
- “Lifting again from the outer main with news of
a privateer;
- “Flying his pluck at our mizzen-truck for weft
of Admiralty,
- “Heaving his head for our dipsy-lead in sign that
we keep the sea.
- “Then fore-sheet home as she lifts to the foam
—we stand on the outward tack
- “We are paid in the coin of the white man's
trade—the bezant is hard, ay, and black.
- “The frigate-bird shall carry my word to the
Kling and the Orang-Laut
- “How a man may sail from a heathen coast to be
robbed in a Christian port;
- “How a man may be robbed in Christian port
while Three Great Captains there
- “Shall dip their flag to a slaver's rag—to show
that his trade is fair!”

THE BALLAD OF THE "CLAMPHERDOWN"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown"
Would sweep the Channel clean,
Wherefore she kept her hatches close
When the merry Channel chops arose,
To save the bleached marine.

She had one bow-gun of a hundred ton,
And a great stern-gun beside;
They dipped their noses deep in the sea,
They racked their stays and staunchions free
In the wash of the wind-whipped tide.

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"
Fell in with a cruiser light
That carried the dainty Hotchkiss gun
And a pair o' heels wherewith to run,
From the grip of a close-fought fight.

She opened fire at seven miles —
As ye shoot at a bobbing cork —
And once she fired and twice she fired,
Till the bow-gun drooped like a lily tired
That lolls upon the stalk.

"Captain, the bow-gun melts apace,
"The deck-beams break below,
"'Twere well to rest for an hour or twain,
"And botch the shattered plates again."
And he answered, "Make it so."

She opened fire within the mile —
As ye shoot at the flying duck —
And the great stern-gun shot fair and true,
With the heave of the ship, to the stainless
blue,
And the great stern-turret stuck.

"Captain, the turret fills with steam,
"The feed-pipes burst below —
"You can hear the hiss of helpless ram,
"You can hear the twisted runners jam."
And he answered, "Turn and go!"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"
And grimly did she roll;
Swung round to take the cruiser's fire
As the White Whale faces the Thresher's ire,
When they war by the frozen Pole.

"Captain, the shells are falling fast,
"And faster still fall we;
"And it is not meet for English stock,
"To bide in the heart of an eight-day clock,
"The death they cannot see."

"Lie down, lie down my bold A.B.,
 "We drift upon her beam;
"We dare not ram for she can run;
"And dare ye fire another gun,
 "And die in the peeling steam?"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown"
 That carried an armor-belt;
But fifty feet at stern and bow,
Lay bare as the paunch of the purser's sow,
 To the hail of the Nordenfeldt.

"Captain, they lack us through and through;
 "The chilled steel bolts are swift!
"We have emptied the bunkers in open sea,
"Their shrapnel bursts where our coal should
 be."
And he answered, "Let her drift."

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"
 Swung round upon the tide,
Her two dumb guns glared south and north,
And the blood and the bubbling steam ran
 forth,
And she ground the cruiser's side.

"Captain, they cry, the fight is done,
"They bid you send your sword."
And he answered, "Grapple her stern and
bow.
"They have asked for the steel. They shall
have it now;
"Out cutlasses and board!"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"
Spewed up four hundred men;
And the scalded stokers yelped delight,
As they rolled in the waist and heard the
fight,
Stamp o'er their steel-walled pen.

They cleared the cruiser end to end,
From conning-tower to hold.
They fought as they fought in Nelson's fleet;
They were stripped to the waist, they were
bare to the feet,
As it was in the days of old.

It was the sinking "Clampherdown"
Heaved up her battered side —
And carried a million pounds in steel,
To the cod and the corpse-fed conger-eel,
And the scour of the Channel tide.

It was the crew of the "Clampherdown"
 Stood out to sweep the sea,
On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,
As it was in the days of long-ago,
 And as it still shall be.

THE BALLAD OF THE "BOLIVAR"

*Seven men from all the world, back to Docks
again,*

*Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and
raising Cain:*

*Give the girls another drink 'fore we sign
away—*

*We that took the "Bolivar" out across the
Bay!*

WE put out from Sunderland loaded down with
rails;

We put back to Sunderland 'cause our cargo
shifted;

We put out from Sunderland—met the winter
gales—

Seven days and seven nights to the Start we
drifted,

Racketing her rivets loose, smoke-stack white
as snow,

All the coals adrift a deck, half the rails below
Leaking like a lobster-pot, steering like a
dray—

Out we took the "Bolivar," out across the
Bay!

One by one the Lights came up, winked and let
us by;

Mile by mile we waddled on, coal and fo'c'sle
short;

Met a blow that laid us down, heard a bulkhead
fly;

Left The Wolf behind us with a two foot-list
to port.

Trailing like a wounded duck, working out
her soul;

Clanging like a smithy-shop after every roll;
Just a funnel and a mast lurching through
the spray —

So we threshed the "Bolivar" out across the
Bay!

Felt her hog and felt her sag, betted when she'd
break;

Wondered every time she raced if she'd stand
the shock;

Heard the seas like drunken men pounding at her
strake;

Hoped the Lord 'ud keep his thumb on the
plummer-block.

Banged against the iron decks, bilges choked
with coal;

Flayed and frozen foot and hand, sick of
heart and soul;

'Last we prayed she'd buck herself into Judgment Day —

Hi! we cursed the "Bolivar" knocking round the Bay!

Oh! her nose flung up to sky, groaning to be still —

Up and down and back we went, never time for breath;

Then the money paid at Lloyd's caught her by the heel,

And the stars ran round and round dancin' at our death.

Aching for an hour's sleep, dozing off between;

Heard the rotten rivets draw when she took it green;

Watched the compass chase its tail like a cat at play —

That was on the "Bolivar," south across the Bay.

Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head to swell —

Mad with work and weariness, wishin' they was we —

Some damned Liner's lights go by like a grand
hotel;
Cheered her from the "Bolivar," swampin' in
the sea.

Then a greyback cleared us out, then the
skipper laughed;
"Boys, the wheel has gone to Hell—rig the
winches aft!
"Yoke the kicking rudder-head—get her
under way!"
So we steered her, pulley-haul, out across
the Bay!

Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar,
In we came, an' time enough 'cross Bilbao Bar.
Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we
Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the Eter-
nal Sea!

*Seven men from all the world, back to town again,
Rollin' down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and rais-
ing Cain:*

*Seven men from out of Hell. Ain't the owners
gay,
'Cause we took the "Bolivar" safe across the
Bay?*

THE ENGLISH FLAG

Above the portico a flagstaff, bearing the Union Jack, remained fluttering in the flames for some time, but ultimately when it fell the crowds rent the air with shouts, and seemed to see significance in the incident.—DAILY PAPERS.

WINDS of the World, give answer? They are
whimpering to and fro—

And what should they know of England who
only England know?—

The poor little street-bred people that vapor and
fume and brag,

They are lifting their heads in the stillness to
yelp at the English Flag!

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster
anew with dirt?

An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's
shirt?

We may not speak of England; her Flag's to sell
or share.

What is the Flag of England? Winds of the
World, declare!

The North Wind blew: "From Bergen my steel-shod vanguards go;

"I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe;

"By the great North Lights above me I work the will of God,

"That the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger fills with cod.

"I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors with flame,

"Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies came;

"I took the sun from their presence, I cut them down with my blast,

"And they died, but the Flag of England blew free ere the spirit passed.

"The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long Arctic night,

"The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the Northern Light:

"What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my bergs to dare,

"Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"

The South Wind sighed: "From The Virgins my mid-sea course was ta'en

"Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,

“Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the
long-backed breakers croon

“Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked
lagoon.

“Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer
keys,

“I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the
scud in the breeze —

“Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,

“But over the scud and the palm-trees an Eng-
lish flag was flown.

“I have wrenched it free from the halliard to
hang for a wisp on the Horn;

“I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned
and rolled and torn;

“I have spread its fold o’er the dying, adrift in a
hopeless sea;

“I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen
the slave set free.

“My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling
albatross,

“Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the
Southern Cross.

“What is the Flag of England? Ye have but
my reefs to dare,

“Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for
it is there!”

The East Wind roared: "From the Kuriles, the
Bitter Seas, I come,
"And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring
the English home.
"Look—look well to your shipping! By the
breath of my mad typhoon
"I swept your close-packed Praya and beached
your best at Kowloon!

"The reeling junks behind me and the racing
seas before,
"I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered
Singapore!
"I set my hand on the Hoogli; as a hooded
snake she rose,
"And I flung your stoutest steamers to roost
with the startled crows.

"Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl
wake,
"But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died
for England's sake—
"Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or
maid—
"Because on the bones of the English the Eng-
lish Flag is stayed.

- “The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying
wild-ass knows
“The scared white leopard winds it across the
taintless snows.
“What is the Flag of England? Ye have but
my sun to dare,
“Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for
it is there!”

- The West Wind called: “In squadrons the
thoughtless galleons fly
“That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred
people die.
“They make my might their porter, they make
my house their path,
“Till I loose my neck from their rudder and
whelm them all in my wrath.

- “I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is drawn
from the hole;
“They bellow one to the other, the frightened ship-
bells toll,
“For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud
with my breath,
“And they see strange bows above them and the
two go locked to death.

“But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether
by dark or day,

“I heave them whole to the conger or rip their
plates away,

“First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking
sky,

“Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag
goes by.

“The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the
frozen dews have kissed —

“The naked stars have seen it, a fellow-star in
the mist.

“What is the Flag of England? Ye have but
my breath to dare,

“Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth,
for it is there!”

“CLEARED”

(IN MEMORY OF A COMMISSION)

HELP for a patriot distressed, a spotless spirit
hurt,
Help for an honorable clan sore trampled in the
dirt!
From Queenstown Bay to Donegal, O listen to
my song,
The honorable gentlemen have suffered grievous
wrong.

Their noble names were mentioned—O the burn-
ing black disgrace!—
By a brutal Saxon paper in an Irish shooting-
case;
They sat upon it for a year, then steeled their
heart to brave it,
And “coruscating innocence” the learned Judges
gave it.

Bear witness, Heaven, of that grim crime be-
neath the surgeon's knife,
The honorable gentleman deplored the loss of
life;

Bear witness of those chanting choirs that burk
and shirk and snigger,
No man laid hand upon the knife or finger to the
trigger!

Cleared in the face of all mankind beneath the
winking skies,
Like phœnixes from Phœnix Park (and what lay
there) they rise!
Go shout it to the emerald seas—give word to
Erin now,
Her honorable gentlemen are cleared—and this is
how:

They only paid the Moonlighter his cattle-hock-
ing price,
They only helped the murderer with council's
best advice,
But—sure it keeps their honor white—the learned
Court believes
They never gave a piece of plate to murderers
and thieves.

They never told the ramping crowd to card a
woman's hide,
They never marked a man for death—what fault
of theirs he died?—

They only said "intimidate," and talked and
went away —

By God, the boys that did the work were braver
men than they!

Their sin it was that fed the fire—small blame to
them that heard —

The "bhoys" get drunk on rhetoric, and madden
at the word —

They knew whom they were talking at, if they
were Irish too,

The gentlemen that lied in Court, they knew and
well they knew.

They only took the Judas-gold from Fenians out
of jail,

They only fawned for dollars on the blood-dyed
Clan-na-Gael.

If black is black or white is white, in black and
white it's down,

They're only traitors to the Queen and rebels to
the Crown.

"Cleared," honorable gentlemen. Be thankful
it's no more:

The widow's curse is on your house, the dead
are at your door.

On you the shame of open shame, on you from
North to South
The hand of every honest man flat-heeled across
your mouth.

"Less black than we were painted" ?—Faith, no
word of black was said;
The lightest touch was human blood, and that,
ye know, runs red.
It's sticking to your fist to-day for all your sneer
and scoff,
And by the Judge's well-weighed word you cannot
wipe it off.

Hold up those hands of innocence—go, scare
your sheep together,
The blundering, tripping tups that bleat behind
the old bell-weather;
And if they snuff the taint and break to find another
pen,
Tell them it's tar that glistens so, and daub them
yours again!

"The charge is old" ?—As old as Cain—as fresh
as yesterday;
Old as the Ten Commandments, have ye talked
those laws away ?

If words are words, or death is death, or powder
sends the ball,
You spoke the words that sped the shot—the
curse be on you all.

"Our friends believe"? Of course they do—as
sheltered women may;
But have they seen the shrieking soul ripped
from the quivering clay?
They!—If their own front door is shut, they'll
swear the whole world's warm;
What do they know of dread of death or hang-
ing fear of harm?

The secret half a county keeps, the whisper in
the lane,
The shriek that tells the shot went home behind
the broken pane,
The dry blood crisping in the sun that scares the
honest bees,
And shows the "bhoys" have heard your talk—
what do they know of these?

But you—you know—ay, ten times more; the
secrets of the dead,
Black terror on the country-side by word and
whisper bred,

The mangled stallion's scream at night, the tail-cropped heifer's low.

Who set the whisper going first? You know, and well you know!

My soul! I'd sooner lie in jail for murder plain and straight,

Pure crime I'd done with my own hand for money, lust, or hate,

Than take a seat in Parliament by fellow-felons cheered,

While one of those "not provens" proved me cleared as you are cleared.

Cleared—you that "lost" the League accounts—go, guard our honor still,

Go, help to make our country's laws that broke God's law at will—

One hand stuck out behind the back, to signal "strike again";

The other on your dress-shirt-front to show your heart is clane.

If black is black or white is white, in black and white it's down,

You're only traitors to the Queen and rebels to the Crown.

If print is print or words are words, the learned
Court perpend:

We are not ruled by murderers, but only—by
their friends.

AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT

Now this is the tale of the Council the German
Kaiser decreed,
To ease the strong of their burden, to help the
weak in their need
He sent a word to the peoples, who struggle, and
pant, and sweat,
That the straw might be counted fairly and the
tally of bricks be set.

The Lords of Their Hands assembled; from the
East and the West they drew —
Baltimore, Lille, and Essen, Brummagem, Clyde,
and Crewe.
And some were black from the furnace, and some
were brown from the soil,
And some were blue from the dye-vat; but all
were wearied of toil.

And the young King said "I have found it, the
road to the rest ye seek
"The strong shall wait for the weary, the hale
shall halt for the weak;

“With the even tramp of an army where no man
breaks from the line,
“Ye shall march to peace and plenty in the bond
of brotherhood—sign!”

The paper lay on the table, the strong heads
bowed thereby,
And a wail went up from the peoples: “Ay,
sign—give rest, for we die!”
A hand was stretched to the goose-quill, a fist
was cramped to scrawl,
When—the laugh of a blue-eyed maiden ran
clear through the council-hall.

And each one heard Her laughing as each one saw
Her plain —
Saidie, Mimi, or Olga, Gretchen, or Mary Jane.
And the Spirit of Man that is in Him to the light
of the vision woke;
And the men drew back from the paper, as a
Yankee delegate spoke:

“There’s a girl in Jersey City who works on the
telephone;
“We’re going to hitch our horses and dig for a
house of our own,

“With gas and water connections, and steam-
heat through to the top;
“And, W. Hohenzollern, I guess I shall work
till I drop.”

And an English delegate thundered: “The weak
an’ the lame be blowed!
“I’ve a berth in the Sou’-West workshops, a
home in the Wandsworth Road;
“And till the ’sociation has footed my buryin’
bill,
“I work for the kids an’ the missus. Pull up!
I’ll be damned if I will!”

And over the German benches the bearded
whisper ran:
“Lager, der girls und der dollars, dey makes or
dey breaks a man.
“If Schmitt haf collared der dollars, he collars der
girl deremit;
“But if Schmitt bust in der pizness, we collars
der girl from Schmitt.”

They passed one resolution: “Your sub-com-
mittee believe
“You can lighten the curse of Adam when
you’ve lightened the curse of Eve.

“But till we are built like angels—with hammer
and chisel and pen,

“We will work for ourself and a woman, for-
ever and ever. Amen.”

Now this is the tale of the Council the German
Kaiser held—

The day that they razored the Grindstone, the
day that the Cat was belled,

The day of the Figs from Thistles, the day of the
Twisted Sands,

The day that the laugh of a maiden made light of
the Lords of Their Hands.

TOMLINSON

Now Tomlinson gave up the ghost in his house
in Berkeley Square,
And a Spirit came to his bedside and gripped him
by the hair —
A Spirit gripped him by the hair and carried him
far away,
Till he heard as the roar of a rain-fed ford the roar
of the Milky Way,
Till he heard the roar of the Milky Way die down
and drone and cease,
And they came to the Gate within the Wall where
Peter holds the keys.
“Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and answer
loud and high
“The good that ye did for the sake of men or
ever ye came to die —
“The good that ye did for the sake of men in lit-
tle earth so lone!”
And the naked soul of Tomlinson grew white as
a rain-washed bone.
“O, I have a friend on earth,” he said, “that was
my priest and guide,
“And well would he answer all for me if he
were by my side.”

— “For that ye strove in neighbor-love it shall be
written fair,

“But now ye wait at Heaven’s Gate and not in
Berkeley Square:

“Though we called your friend from his bed this
night, he could not speak for you,

“For the race is run by one and one and never
by two and two.”

Then Tomlinson looked up and down, and little
gain was there,

For the naked stars grinned overhead, and he saw
that his soul was bare:

The Wind that blows between the worlds, it cut
him like a knife,

And Tomlinson took up his tale and spoke of his
good in life.

“This I have read in a book,” he said, “and that
was told to me,

“And this I have thought that another man
thought of a Prince in Muscovy.”

The good souls flocked like homing doves and
bade him clear the path,

And Peter twirled the jangling keys in weariness
and wrath.

“Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,”
he said, “and the tale is yet to run:

“By the worth of the body that once ye had, give
answer—what ha’ ye done?”

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and little good it bore,
For the Darkness stayed at his shoulder-blade and Heaven's Gate before:

"Oh, this I have felt, and this I have guessed, and this I have heard men say,

"And this they wrote that another man wrote of a carl in Norroway."

"Ye have read, ye have felt, ye have guessed, good lack! Ye have hampered Heaven's Gate;

"There's little room between the stars in idleness to prate!

"Oh, none may reach by hired speech of neighbor, priest, and kin,

"Through borrowed deed to god's good meed that lies so far within;

"Get hence, get hence to the Lord of Wrong, for doom has yet to run,

"And . . . the faith that ye share with Berkeley Square uphold you, Tomlinson!"

* * * * *

The Spirit gripped him by the hair, and sun by sun they fell

Till they came to the belt of Naughty Stars that rim the mouth of Hell:

The first are red with pride and wrath, the next are white with pain,

But the third are black with clinkered sin that cannot burn again:

They may hold their path, they may leave their
path, with never a soul to mark,
They may burn or freeze, but they must not cease
in the Scorn of the Outer Dark.

The Wind that blows between the worlds, it
nipped him to the bone,
And he yearned to the flare of Hell-gate there as
the light of his own hearth-stone.

The Devil he sat behind the bars, where the
desperate legions drew,
But he caught the hasting Tomlinson and would
not let him through.

“Wot ye the price of good pit-coal that I must
pay?” said he,

“That ye rank yoursel’ so fit for Hell and ask no
leave of me?”

“I am all o’er-sib to Adam’s breed that ye should
give me scorn,

“For I strove with God for your First Father the
day that he was born.

“Sit down, sit down upon the slag, and answer
loud and high

“The harm that ye did to the Sons of Men or
ever you came to die.”

And Tomlinson looked up and up, and saw
against the night

The belly of a tortured star blood-red in Hell-
Mouth light;

And Tomlinson looked down and down, and
saw beneath his feet

The frontlet of a tortured star milk-white in Hell-
Mouth heat.

“Oh, I had a love on earth,” said he, “that
kissed me to my fall,”

“And if ye would call my love to me I know
she would answer all.”

—“All that ye did in love forbid it shall be
written fair,

“But now ye wait at Hell-Mouth Gate and not
in Berkeley Square:

“Though we whistled your love from her bed
to-night, I trow she would not run,

“For the sin ye do by two and two ye must pay
for one by one!”

The Wind that blows between the worlds, it cut
him like a knife,

And Tomlinson took up the tale and spoke of his
sin in life:

“Once I ha’ laughed at the power of Love and
twice at the grip of the Grave,

“And thrice I ha’ patted my God on the head
that men might call me brave.”

The Devil he blew on a brandered soul and set it
aside to cool:

“Do ye think I would waste my good pit-coal
on the hide of a brain-sick fool?

"I see no worth in the hobnailed mirth or the
jolt-head jest ye did

"That I should waken my gentlemen that are
sleeping three on a grid."

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and
there was little grace,

For Hell-Gate filled the houseless Soul with the
Fear of Naked Space.

"Nay, this I ha' heard," quo' Tomlinson, "and
this was noised abroad,

"And this I ha' got from a Belgian book on the
word of a dead French lord."

—"Ye ha' heard, ye ha' read, ye ha' got, good
lack! And the tale begins afresh—

"Have ye sinned one sin for the pride o' the eye
or the sinful lust of the flesh?"

Then Tomlinson he gripped the bars and yam-
mered "Let me in—

"For I mind that I borrowed my neighbor's wife
to sin the deadly sin."

The Devil he grinned behind the bars, and
banked the fires high:

"Did ye read of that sin in a book?" said he;
and Tomlinson said "Ay!"

The Devil he blew upon his nails, and the little
devils ran;

And he said, "Go husk this whimpering thief
that comes in the guise of a man:

“Winnow him out 'twixt star and star, and
sieve his proper worth:

“There's sore decline in Adam's line if this be
spawn of earth.”

Empusa's crew, so naked-new they may not face
the fire,

But weep that they bin too small to sin to the
height of their desire,

Over the coal they chased the Soul, and racked
it all abroad,

As children rifle a caddis-case or the raven's
foolish hoard.

And back they came with the tattered Thing, as
children after play,

And they said: “The soul that he got from God
he has bartered clean away.

“We have threshed a stook of print and book,
and winnowed a chattering wind

“And many a soul wherefrom he stole, but his
we cannot find:

“We have handled him, we have dandled him,
we have seared him to the bone,

“And sure if tooth and nail show truth he has no
soul of his own.”

The Devil he bowed his head on his breast and
rumbled deep and low:

“I'm all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that I should
bid him go.

“Yet close we lie, and deep we lie, and if I gave
him place,

“My gentlemen that are so proud would flout me
to my face;

“They’d call my house a common stew and me
a careless host,

“And—I would not anger my gentlemen for the
sake of a shiftless ghost.”

The Devil he looked at the mangled Soul that
prayed to feel the flame,

And he thought of Holy Charity, but he thought
of his own good name:

“Now ye could haste my coal to waste, and sit ye
down to fry:

“Did ye think of that theft for yourself?” said
he; and Tomlinson said “Ay!”

The Devil he blew an outward breath, for his
heart was free from care:

“Ye have scarce the soul of a louse,” he said,
“but the roots of sin are there,

“And for that sin should ye come in were I the
lord alone.

“But sinful pride has rule inside—and mightier
than my own.

“Honor and Wit, fore-damned they sit, to each
his priest and whore:

“Nay, scarce I dare myself go there, and you
they’d torture sore.

- “Ye are neither spirit nor spirk,” he said; “ye are neither book nor brute —
- “Go, get ye back to the flesh again for the sake of Man’s repute.
- “I’m all o’er-sib to Adam’s breed that I should mock your pain,
- “But look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye come back again.
- “Get hence, the hearse is at your door—the grim black stallions wait —
- “They bear your clay to place to-day. Speed, lest ye come too late!
- “Go back to Earth with a lip unsealed—go back with an open eye,
- “And carry my word to the Sons of Men or ever ye come to die:
- “That the sin they do by two and two they must pay for one by one —
- “And . . . the God that you took from a printed book be with you, Tomlinson!”

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

DANNY DEEVER

“WHAT are the bugles blowin’ for?” said Files-on-Parade.

“To turn you out, to turn you out,” the Color-Sergeant said.

“What makes you look so white, so white?” said Files-on-Parade.

“I’m dreadin’ what I’ve got to watch,” the Color-Sergeant said.

For they’re hangin’ Danny Deever, you can
hear the Dead March play,

The regiment’s in ’ollow square—they’re
hangin’ him to-day;

They’ve taken of his buttons off an’ cut his
stripes away,

An’ they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in the
mornin’.

“What makes the rear-rank breathe so ’ard?”
said Files-on-Parade.

“It’s bitter cold, it’s bitter cold,” the Color-Sergeant said.

“What makes that front-rank man fall down?”
says Files-on-Parade.

“A touch o’ sun, a touch o’ sun,” the Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are
marchin' of 'im round,
They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin
on the ground;
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a
sneakin' shootin' hound—
O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'!

“'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine,” said Files-
on-Parade.

“'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night,” the Color-
Sergeant said.

“I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times,” said Files-
on-Parade.

“'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone,” the Color-
Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must
mark 'im to 'is place,

For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must
look 'im in the face;

Nine 'undred of 'is county and the regi-
ment's disgrace,

While they're hanging Danny Deever in
the mornin'

“What's that so black agin the sun?” said Files-
on-Parade.

“It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life,” the Color-Ser-
geant said.

“What’s that that whimpers over’ead?” said
Files-on-Parade.

“It’s Danny’s soul that’s passin’ now,” the Color-
Sergeant said.

For they’re done with Danny Deever, you
can ’ear the quickstep play,

The regiment’s in column, an’ they’re
marchin’ us away;

Ho! the young recruits are shakin’, an’
they’ll want their beer to-day,

After hangin’ Danny Deever in the
mornin’.

TOMMY

I WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-
coats here."

The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled
fit to die,

I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
"Tommy, go away";

But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when
the band begins to play,

The band begins to play, my boys, the
band begins to play,

O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when
the band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none
for me;

They sent me to the gallery or round the music-
'alls,

But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove
me in the stalls!

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
 "Tommy, wait outside";
But it's "Special train for Atkins" when
 the trooper's on the tide,
The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the
 troopship's on the tide,
O it's "Special train for Atkins" when the
 trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you
 while you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starva-
 tion cheap;
An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin'
 large a bit
Is five times better business than paradin' in full
 kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
 an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"
But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when
 the drums begin to roll,
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the
 drums begin to roll,
O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the
 drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no
blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like
you;
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy
paints:
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into
plaster saints;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
an' "Tommy, fall be'ind,"
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir,"
when there's trouble in the wind,
There's trouble in the wind, my boys,
there's trouble in the wind,
O it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when
there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an'
fires, an' all:
We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us
rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove
it to our face
The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's
disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
"Chuck him out, the brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country," when the
guns begin to shoot;

Yes it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
anything you please;

But Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet
that Tommy sees!

“FUZZY-WUZZY”

(SOUDAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE)

We've fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not.
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at *Suakin*,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your
'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-
class fightin' man;
We gives you your certificate, an' if you
want it signed
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you
whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,
An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:

But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.
Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the
missis and the kid;
Our orders was to break you, an' of course
we went an' did.
We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't
'ardly fair;
But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz
you broke the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:
When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your
friends which are no more,
If we 'adn't lost some messmates we
would 'elp you to deplore;
But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll
call the bargain fair,
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you
crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantee!

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your
'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-
class fightin' man;
An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your
'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you
broke a British square!

SOLDIER, SOLDIER

“SOLDIER, soldier, come from the wars,
Why don't you march with my true love?”
“We're fresh from off the ship an' 'e's maybe
give the slip,
An' you'd best go look for a new love.”

New love! True love!
Best go look for a new love,
The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd bet-
ter dry your eyes,
An' you'd best go look for a new love.

“Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
What did you see o' my true love?”
“I seed 'im serve the Queen in a suit o' rifle-
green,
An' you'd best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
Did ye see no more o' my true love?”
“I seed 'im runnin' by when the shots began to
fly —
But you'd best go look for a new love.”

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
Did aught take 'arm to my true love?"

"I couldn't see the fight, for the smoke it lay so
white—

An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
I'll up an' tend to my true love!"

"'E's lying on the dead with a bullet through 'is
'ead,

An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
I'll down an' die with my true love!"

"The pit we dug'll 'ide 'im an' the twenty men
beside 'im—

An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
Do you bring no sign from my true love?"

"I bring a lock of 'air that 'e allus used to wear,
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier, come from the wars,
O then I know it's true I've lost my true love!"

"An' I tell you the truth again—when you've
lost the feel o' pain

You'd best take me for your true love."

True love! New love!
Best take 'im for a new love.
The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd bet-
ter dry your eyes,
An' you'd best take 'im for your true love.

SCREW-GUNS

SMOKIN' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin' cool,
I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule,
With seventy gunners be'ind me, an' never a
beggar forgets
It's only the pick of the Army that handles the
dear little pets—'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns, the screw-
guns they all love you!
So when we call round with a few guns,
o' course you will know what to do—
hoo! hoo!
Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—it's
worse if you fights or you runs:
You can go where you please, you can
skid up the trees, but you don't get
away from the guns.

They sends us along where the roads are, but
mostly we goes where they ain't:
We'd climb up the side of a sign-board an' trust
to the stick o' the paint:

We've chivied the Naga an' Looshai, we've give
the Afreedeeman fits,
For we fancies ourselves at two thousand, we
guns that are built in two bits—'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns, etc.

If a man doesn't work, why, we drills 'im an'
teaches 'im 'ow to behave;
If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im an'
rattles 'im into 'is grave.
You've got to stand up to our business an' spring
without snatchin' or fuss.
D'you say that you sweat with the field-guns?
By God, you must lather with us—'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns, etc.

The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's a-
moanin' below,
We're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub, we're
out on the rocks an' the snow,
An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what car-
ries away to the plains
The rattle an' stamp o' the lead-mules—the jin-
glety-jink o' the chains—'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns, etc.

There's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin', an' a
wheel on the edge o' the Pit,
An' a drop into nothin' beneath you as straight as
a beggar can spit:

With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves,
an' the sun off the snow in your face,
An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes to hold the
old gun in 'er place—'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns, etc.

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin' cool,
I climbs in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule.
The monkey can say what our road was—the
wild-goat 'e knows where we passed.
Stand easy, you long-eared old darlin's! Out drag-
ropes! With shrapnel! Hold fast—'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the screw-
guns they all love you!
So when we take tea with a few guns, o'
course you will know what to do—hoo!
hoo!
Just send in your Chief and surrender—it's
worse if you fights or you runs:
You may hide in the caves, they'll be only
your graves, but you can't get away from
the guns!

GUNGA DIN

You may talk o' gin and beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's
got it,

Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them blackfaced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.

He was "Din! Din! Din!

You limping lump o' brick-dust, Gunga
Din!

Hi! slippery hitherao!

Water! get it! Panee lao!¹

You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din."

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,

¹ Bring water swiftly.

An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a piece o' twisty rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eye-
brows crawl,
We shouted "Harry By!"¹
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im cause 'e couldn't serve us
all.

It was "Din! Din! Din!
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you
been?

You put some juldee² in it
Or I'll marrow you this minute³
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done;
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is mussick⁴ on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,

¹ Mr. Atkins' equivalent for "O brother."

³ Hit you.

² Be quick.

⁴ Water skin.

An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire,"
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.
When the cartridges ran out,
You could hear the front-files shout,
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' he plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water-green:
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
'Ere's a beggar with a bullet though 'is spleen;
'E's chawin' up the ground,
An' 'e's kickin' all around:
For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!

'E carried me away
To where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died:
"I lope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone —
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals,
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!
Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the living Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

OONTS

(NORTHERN INDIA TRANSPORT TRAIN)

Wot makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot makes
him to perspire?

It isn't standin' up to charge nor lyin' down to
fire;

But it's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road
For the commissariat camel an' 'is commissariat
load.

O the oont,¹ O the oont, O the commis-
sariat oont!

With 'is silly neck a-bobbin' like a basket
full o' snakes;

We packs 'im like an idol, an' you ought
to 'ear 'im grunt,

An' when we gets 'im loaded up 'is
blessed girth-rope breaks.

Wot makes the rear-guard swear so 'ard when
night is drorin' in,

An' every native follower is shiverin' for 'is skin?

¹ Camel—oo is pronounced like u in "bull," but by Mr. Atkins to rhyme with "front."

It ain't the chanst o' being rushed by Paythans
from the 'ills,

It's the commissariat camel puttin' on 'is bloomin'
frills!

O the oont, O the oont, O the hairy scary
oont!

A-trippin' over tent-ropes when we've
got the night alarm!

We socks 'im with a stretcher-pole an'
'eads 'im off in front,

An' when we've saved 'is bloomin' life
'e chaws our bloomin' arm.

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but
a fool,

The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a
mule;

But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said
an' done,

'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.

O the oont, O the oont, O the Gawd-for-
saken oont!

The lumpy-'umpy' ummin'-bird a-singin'
where 'e lies,

'E's blocked the whole division from the
rear-guard to the front,

An' when we get him up again—the
beggar goes an' dies!

'E'll gall an' chafe an' lame an' fight—'e smells
most awful vile;
'E'll lose 'isself forever if you let 'im stray a mile;
'E's game to graze the 'ole day long an' 'owl the
'ole night through,
An' when 'e comes to greasy ground 'e splits
'isself in two.

O the oont, O the oont, O the floppin',
droppin' oont!

When 'is long legs give from under an'
'is meltin' eye is dim,
The tribes is up be'ind us, and the tribes
is out in front—
It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it's kites
an' crows for 'im.

So when the cruel march is done, an' when the
roads is blind,
An' when we sees the camp in front an' 'ears the
shots be'ind,
Ho then we strips 'is saddle off, and all 'is woes
is past:
'E thinks on us that used 'im so, and gets re-
venge at last.

O the oont, O the oont, O the floatin',
bloatin' oont!

The late lamented camel in the water-
cut 'e lies;

We keeps a mile behind 'im an' we keeps
a mile in front,
But 'e gets into the drinkin'-casks, and
then o' course we dies.

LOOT

If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the
keeper's back,

If you've ever snigged the washin' from the
line,

If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin'
'aversack,

You will understand this little song o' mine.

But the service rules are 'ard, and from such we
are debarred,

For the same with English morals does not suit.

(*Cornet*: Toot! toot!)

W'y, they call a man a robber if 'e stuffs 'is
marchin' clobber

With the—

(*Chorus*.) Loo! loo! Lulu! lulu! Loo! loo!

Loot! loot! loot!

Ow the loot!

Bloomin' loot!

That's the thing to make the boys git up
an' shoot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,

If you'd make 'em come again

Clap 'em forward with a Loo! loo! Lulu!

Loot!

(*ff*) Whoopee! Tear 'im, puppy! Loo! loo!

Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

If you've knocked a nigger edgeways when 'e's
thrustin' for your life,

You must leave 'im very careful where 'e fell;
An' may thank your stars an' gaiters if you didn't
feel 'is knife

That you ain't told off to bury 'im as well.
Then the sweatin' Tommies wonder as they
spade the beggars under

Why lootin' should be entered as a crime;
So if my song you'll 'ear, I will learn you plain
an' clear

'Ow to pay yourself for fightin' overtime
(*Chorus.*) With the loot, etc.

Now remember when you're 'acking round a
gilded Burma god

That 'is eyes is very often precious stones;
An' if you treat a nigger to a dose o' cleanin'-
rod

'E's like to show you everything 'e owns.
When 'e won't prodooce no more, pour some
water on the floor

Where you 'ear it answer 'ollow to the boot
(*Cornet:* Toot! toot!)—

When the ground begins to sink, shove your
baynick down the chink,

An' you're sure to touch the—

(*Chorus.*) Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!
Ow the loot! etc.

When from 'ouse to 'ouse you're 'unting, you
must always work in pairs —

It 'alves the gain, but safer you will find —
For a single man gets bottled on them twisty-
wisty stairs,

An' a woman comes and clobbs 'im from be'ind.
When you've turned 'em inside out, an' it seems
beyond a doubt

As if there weren't enough to dust a flute

(*Cornet*: Toot! toot!) —

Before you sling your 'ook, at the 'ouse-tops take
a look,

For it's underneath the tiles they 'ide the loot.

(*Chorus*.) Ow the loot, etc.

You can mostly square a Sergint an' a Quarter-
master too,

If you only take the proper way to go;

I could never keep my pickin's, but I've learned
you all I knew —

An' don't you never say I told you so.

An' now I'll bid good-bye, for I'm gettin' rather
dry,

An' I see another tunin' up to toot (*Cornet*:
Toot! toot!) —

So 'ere's good-luck to those that wears the
Widow's clo'es,

An' the Devil send 'em all they want o' loot!

(*Chorus.*) Yes, the loot,
Bloomin' loot.

In the tunic an' the mess-tin an' the boot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,

If you'd make 'em come again

(*fff*) Whoop 'em forward with a Loo! loo!

Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

Heeya! Sick 'im, puppy! Loo! loo! Lulu!

Loot! loot! loot!

“SNARLEYOW”

THIS 'appened in a battle to a batt'ry of the corps
Which is first among the women an' amazin' first
in war;
An' what the bloomin' battle was I don't remem-
ber now,
But Two's off-lead 'e answered to the name o'
Snarleyow.

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares;
Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears;
But down in the lead with the wheel at
the flog
Turns the bold Bombardier to a little
whipped dog!

They was movin' into action, they was needed
very sore,
To learn a little schoolin' to a native army corps,
They 'ad nipped against an uphill, they was
tuckin' down the brow,
When a tricky, trundlin' round-shot give the
knock to *Snarleyow*.

They cut 'im loose an' left 'im—'e was almost
tore in two —

But he tried to follow after as a well-trained 'orse
should do;

'E went an' fouled the limber, an' the Driver's
Brother squeals:

"Pull up, pull up for *Snarleyow*—'is 'ead's be-
tween 'is 'eels!"

The Driver 'umped 'is shoulder, for the wheels
was goin' round,

An' there aren't no "Stop, conductor!" when a
batt'ry's changin' ground;

Sez 'e: "I broke the beggar in, an' very sad I
feels,

But I couldn't pull up, not for *you*—your 'ead be-
tween your 'eels!"

'E 'adn't 'ardly spoke the word, before a droppin'
shell

A little right the batt'ry an' between the sections
fell;

An' when the smoke 'ad cleared away, before the
limber wheels,

There lay the Driver's Brother with 'is 'ead be-
tween 'is 'eels.

Then sez the Driver's Brother, an' 'is words was
very plain,

"For Gawd's own sake get over me, an' put me
out o' pain."

They saw 'is wounds was mortal, an' they
judged that it was best,

So they took an' drove the limber straight across
'is back an' chest.

The Driver 'e give nothin' 'cept a little coughin'
grunt,

But 'e swung 'is 'orses 'andsome when it came to
"Action front!"

An' if one wheel was juicy, you may lay your
Monday head

'Twas juicier for the niggers when the case be-
gun to spread.

The moril of this story, it is plainly to be seen:
You 'avn't got no families when servin' of the
Queen —

You 'avn't got no brothers, fathers, sisters, wives,
or sons —

If you want to win your battles take an' work
your bloomin' guns!

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares;
Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears;

But down in the lead with the wheel at
the flog
Turns the bold Bombardier to a little
whipped dog!

THE WIDOW AT WINDSOR

'AVE you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor
With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?
She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at
'ome,
An' she pays us poor beggars in red.
(Ow, poor beggars in red!)
There's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses,
There's 'er mark on the medical stores —
An' 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind be-
'ind
That takes us to various wars.
(Poor beggars!—barbarious wars!)

Then 'ere's to the Widow at Windsor,
An' 'ere's to the stores an' the guns,
The men an' the 'orses what makes up the
forces
O' Missis Victorier's sons.
(Poor beggars! Victorier's sons!)

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf o' Creation she owns:
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an'
the flame,
An' we've salted it down with our bones.

(Poor beggars!—it's blue with our bones!)
Hands off o' the sons of the Widow,
Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,
For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors
frown
When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop!"
(Poor beggars!—we're sent to say "Stop!")

Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the Widow,
From the Pole to the Tropics it runs—
To the Lodge that we tile with the rank
an' the file,
An' open in form with the guns.
(Poor beggars!—it's always they guns!)

We 'ave 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor,
It's safest to leave 'er alone:
For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land
Wherever the bugles are blown.
(Poor beggars!—an' don't we get blown!)
Take 'old o' the Wings o' the Mornin',
An' flop round the earth till you're dead;
But you won't get away from the tune that they
play
To the bloomin' old Rag over'ead.
(Poor beggars!—it's 'ot over'ead!)

Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow
Wherever, 'owever they roam.
'Ere's all they desire, an' if they require
A speedy return to their 'ome.
(Poor beggars!—they'll never see
'ome!)

BELTS

THERE was a row in Silver Street that's near to
Dublin Quay,
Between an Irish regiment an' English cavalree;
It started at Revelly an' it lasted on till dark:
The first man dropped at Harrison's, the last
fornist the Park.

For it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's
one for you!"

An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's
done for you!"

O buckle an' tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison's down to the Park!

There was a row in Silver Street—the regiments
was out,

They called us "Delhi Rebels," an' we answered
"Threes about!"

That drew them like a hornet's nest—we met
them good an' large,

The English at the double an' the Irish at the
charge.

Then it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—an' I was in it
too;

We passed the time o' day, an' then the belts
went whirraru!

I misremember what occurred, but subsequent
the storm

A *Freeman's Journal Supplemint* was all my uni-
form.

O it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—they sent the
Polis there,

The English were too drunk to know, the Irish
didn't care;

But when they grew impertinint we simultaneous
rose,

Till half o' them was Liffey mud an' half was
tatthered clo'es.

For it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—it might ha'
raged till now,

But some one drew his side-arm clear, an' no-
body knew how;

'Twas Hogan took the point an' dropped; we
saw the red blood run:

An' so we all was murderers that started out in
fun.

While it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—but that put
down the shine,
Wid each man whisperin' to his next: "'Twas
never work o' mine!"
We went away like beaten dogs, an' down the
street we bore him,
The poor dumb corpse that couldn't tell the bhoys
were sorry for him.

When it was: Belts —

There was a row in Silver Street—it isn't over
yet,
For half of us are under guard wid punishments
to get;
'Tis all a merricle to me as in the Clink I lie:
There was a row in Silver Street—begod, I wonder
why!

But it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's
one for you!"

An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's
done for you!"

O buckle and tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison's down to the Park!

THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER

WHEN the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the East
'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks like a beast,
An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent deceased
Ere 'e's fit for to serve as a soldier,
Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,
Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,
Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,
So-oldier *of* the Queen!

Now all you recruities what's drafted to-day,
You shut up your rag-box an' 'ark to my lay,
An' I'll sing you a soldier as far as I may:
A soldier what's fit for a soldier.
Fit, fit, fit for a soldier.

First mind you steer clear o' the grog-sellers' huts,
For they sell you Fixed Bay'nets that rots out
your guts—
Ay, drink that 'ud eat the live steel from your
butts—
An' it's bad for the young British soldier.
Bad, bad, bad for the soldier.

When the cholera comes—as it will past a doubt —
Keep out of the wet and don't go on the shout,
For the sickness gets in as the liquor dies out,
 An' it crumples the young British soldier.
 Crum-, crum-, crumples the sol-
 dier. . . .

But the worst o' your foes is the sun over'ead:
You *must* wear your 'elmet for all that is said:
If 'e finds you uncovered 'e'll knock you down
 dead,
 An' you'll die like a fool of a soldier.
 Fool, fool, fool of a soldier. . . .

If you're cast for fatigue by a sergeant unkind,
Don't grouse like a woman nor crack on nor
 blind;
Be handy and civil and then you will find
 That it's beer for the young British soldier.
 Beer, beer, beer for the soldier. . . .

Now, if you must marry, take care she is old —
A troop-sergeant's widow's the nicest I'm told —
For beauty won't help if your rations is cold,
 Nor love ain't enough for a soldier.
 'Nough, 'nough, 'nough for a sol-
 dier. . . .

If the wife should go wrong with a comrade, be
loth
To shoot when you catch 'em—you'll swing, on
my oath!—
Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er: that's Hell for
them both,
An' you're shut o' the curse of a soldier.
Curse, curse, curse o' a soldier. . . .

When first under fire an' you're wishful to duck,
Don't look nor take 'eed at the man that is struck,
Be thankful you're livin', and trust to your luck
And march to your front like a soldier.
Front, front, front like a soldier. . . .

When 'arf of your bullets fly wide in the ditch,
Don't call your Martini a cross-eyed old bitch;
She's human as you are—you treat her as sich,
An' she'll fight for the young British sol-
dier.
Fight, fight, fight for the soldier. . . .

When shakin' their bustles like ladies so fine,
The guns o' the enemy wheel into line;
Shoot low at the limbers an' don't mind the
shine,
For noise never startles the soldier.
Start-, start-, startles the soldier. . . .

If your officer's dead and the sergeants look
white,

Remember it's ruin to run from a fight:

So take open order, lie down, and sit tight,

And wait for supports like a soldier.

Wait, wait, wait like a soldier. . . .

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's
plains,

And the women come out to cut up what re-
mains,

Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains

An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.

Go, go, go like a soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier,

So-oldier *of* the Queen!

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to
the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she
thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-
bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you
back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from
Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was
green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as
Theebaw's Queen,
An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white
cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's
foot:

Bloomin' idol made o' mud —
What they called the Great Gawd Budd —
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed
 'er where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun
 was droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kulla-
lo-lo!*"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek
 agin my cheek
We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis*
 pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, sjudgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was
 'arf afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur
 away,
An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank
 to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year
 soldier tells:
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't
 never 'eed naught else."

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the
tinkly temple-bells;
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-
stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever
in my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea
to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they un-
derstand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and —
Law! wot do they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,
greener land!
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the
best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a
man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', and it's there that
I would be —
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the
sea;

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when
 we went to Mandalay!

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
 China 'crost the Bay!

TROOPIN'

(OUR ARMY IN THE EAST)

TROOPIN', troopin', troopin' to the sea:
'Ere's September come again—the six-year men
 are free.
O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot come
 away
To where the ship's a-coalin' up that takes us
 'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,
'Our ship is *at* the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.
Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary-Ann,
For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit
As a time-expired man!

The Malabar's in 'arbor with the Jumner at 'er
 tail,
An' the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders for to
 sail.

Ho! the weary waitin' when on Khyber 'ills we
lay,
But the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders 'ome
to-day.

They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in cold
an' wet an' rain,
All wearin' Injian cotton kit, but we will not com-
plain;
They'll kill us of pneumonia—for that's their little
way —
But damn the chills and fever, men, we're goin'
'ome to day!

Troopin', troopin', winter's round again!
See the new draf's pourin' in for the old cam-
paign;
Ho, you poor recruities, but you've got to earn
your pay —
What's the last from Lunnon, lads? We're goin'
there to-day.

Troopin', troopin', give another cheer —
'Ere's to English women an' a quart of English
beer;
The Colonel an' the regiment an' all who've got
to stay,
Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle— Whoop!
we're goin' 'ome to day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,
Our ship is at the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.
Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary-Ann,
For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit
As a time-expired man.

FORD O' KABUL RIVER

KABUL town's by Kabul river —

Blow the bugle, draw the sword —

There I lef' my mate forever,

Wet an' drippin' by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

There's the river up and brimmin', an' there's
'arf a squadron swimmin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town's a blasted place —

Blow the bugle, draw the sword —

'Strewth I sha'n't forget 'is face

Wet an' drippin' by the ford!

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

Keep the crossing-stakes beside you, an'
they will surely guide you

'Cross the ford of Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town is sun and dust —

Blow the bugle, draw the sword —

I'd ha' sooner drowned fust

'Stead of 'im beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
You can 'ear the 'orses threshin', you can 'ear
the men a-splashin',
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town was ours to take —
Blow the bugle, draw the sword —
I'd ha' left it for 'is sake —
'Im that left me by the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
It's none so bloomin' dry there; ain't you
never comin' nigh there,
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark?

Kabul town'll go to hell —
Blow the bugle, draw the sword —
'For I see him 'live an' well —
'Im the best beside the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
Gawd 'elp 'em if they blunder, for their
boots'll pull 'em under,
By the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town —
Blow the bugle, draw the sword —
'Im an' 'arf my troop is down,
Down an' drowned by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
There's the river low an' fallin', but it ain't no
use o' callin'
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

ROUTE-MARCHIN'

WE'RE marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny plains,
A little front o' Christmas time an' just be'ind the
Rains,

Ho! get away, you bullock-man, you've 'eard the
bugle blowed,

There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand
Trunk Road;

With its best foot first

And the road a-sliding past,

An' every bloomin' campin'-ground ex-
actly like the last;

While the Big Drum says,

With 'is "*rowdy-dowdy-dow!*"—

"*Kiko kissywarsti* don't you *hamsher*
argy-jow?"

Oh, there's them Injian temples to admire when
you see,

There's the peacock round the corner an' the
monkey up the tree,

An' there's that rummy silver grass a-wavin' in
the wind,

An' the old Grand Trunk a trailin' like a rifle-
sling be'ind.

While it's best foot first, etc.

At half-past five's Revelly, an' our tents they
down must come,
Like a lot of button mushrooms when you pick
'em up at 'ome.
But it's over in a minute, an' at six the column
starts,
While the women and the kiddies sit an' shiver
in the carts.
And it's best foot first, etc.

Oh, then it's open order, an' we lights our pipes
an' sings,
An' we talks about our rations an' a lot of other
things,
And we thinks o' friends in England, an' we
wonders what they're at,
An' 'ow they would admire for to hear us sling
the *bat*.¹
An' it's best foot first, etc.

It's none so bad o' Sunday, when you're lyin' at
your ease,
To watch the kites a-wheelin' round them feather-
'eaded trees,

¹ Thomas's first and firmest conviction is that he is a profound Orientalist and a fluent speaker of Hindustani. As a matter of fact, he depends largely on the sign-language.

For although there ain't no women yet there ain't
no barrick-yards,
So the orficers goes shootin' an' the men they
plays at cards.
Till it's best foot first, etc.

So 'ark an' 'eed you rookies, which is always
grumblin' sore,
There's worser things than marchin' from Um-
balla to Cawnpore;
And if your 'eels are blistered an' they feels to
'urt like 'ell
You drop some tallow in your socks an' that will
make 'em well.
For it's best foot first, etc.

We're marchin' on relief over Injia's coral strand,
Eight 'undred fightin' Englishmen, the Colonel,
and the Band.
Ho! get away, you bullock-man, you've 'eard
the bugle blowed,
There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand
Trunk Road.
With its best foot first
And the road a-sliding past,
An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly
like the last;

While the Big Drum says,
With 'is "*rowdy-dowdy-dow!*"—
"*Kiko kissywarsti* don't you *hamsher*
argy-jow?"¹

¹ Why don't you get on?

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